

**ALBUQUERQUE EVENING HERALD**  
 (Successor to Tribune Citizen.)  
 A REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER.  
 BY THE HERALD PUBLISHING CO.

Published every afternoon except  
 Sunday at 222-224 North Second  
 street, Albuquerque, N. M.

Entered as second-class matter  
 March 7, 1911, at the postoffice at  
 Albuquerque, N. M., under the Act of  
 March 3, 1879.

One month by mail.....55 cents  
 One month by carrier.....60 cents  
 One year by mail.....55.00  
 One year by carrier.....58.00

Telephone 82.

**TIMES HAVE CHANGED.**

Who does not remember the olden golden days when every gent with a pull could get a railroad pass whenever he wanted it, for himself, his wife, his man servant, his maid servant, the stranger within his gates and his remote relations even to the third and fourth generation?

Who does not recall the time when not only the superintendent, but the assistant superintendent, the local counsel, the chief clerk and the bosom mate all had authority, directly or indirectly, to issue gratuities and usually kept on hand a ready-signed book of passes for distribution among the friends of the road, or those who were expected to become friends of the road, or those whose enmity against the road it was hoped to forestall?

In that glorious period the only people who ever paid railroad fare were those who were in too big a hurry to apply for a pass and those who had an abundance of money and felt that the railroad needed it more than they did. In the words of a contemporary humorist, "them was the happy days."

Tempora mutantur, likewise, what used to be is not what is. No longer is a pull good for a pass—it is fact, the gent with a pull finds it harder to get a pass than anybody else. A drastic law, rigidly enforced, has brought us to the point where it is hard to tell just who is entitled to ride free on a railroad, and the president of the road himself, when he starts on a trip of inspection, is not certain that before he returns he will not be summoned to appear before the Interstate Commerce commission to answer for a violation of the anti-pass law.

So difficult is it in this degenerate day to determine with entire accuracy what classes of people are immune from the baneful operation of the anti-pass law that a number of the large railway systems have found it necessary to create a new official, known as the superintendent of passes, to whom are referred all requests for free transportation, and whose duty it is, in doubtful cases, to refer to the Interstate Commerce commission for information as to whether the request can legally be granted. It is needless to add that the superintendent of passes is a highly important and vastly popular dignitary.

No particular moral is to be drawn from these reflections. They are intended merely to call attention to the great changes that have taken place in the space of a few years. While there will doubtless be some whose point of view will lead to a different conclusion, the great weight of opinion is that the change is for the better. For the world has traveled, even if individuals have been compelled to remain more stationary.

Think how much more economical it would have been if the "legal bureau" had tarried awhile in Bernallie county. The entire Democratic majority could have been wiped out without any serious inroads being made on that \$10,000.

**ARE WE A CIVILIZED PEOPLE?**

The incident at Shady Bend, Kansas, where a number of men of varying degrees of prominence conspired to commit an outrageous indignity upon a young woman school teacher, does not, after all, differ so greatly from instances of lawlessness in other parts of the country where individuals have undertaken to administer summary punishment to those who had incurred their displeasure.

Of course, for nine full-grown, able-bodied men to waylay one frail woman at night and apply tar to her person is a very sorry spectacle, and one to arouse the fiercest resentment at the outrage to the sense of chivalry which is inherent in the American character. But aside from the sex of the victim, there is no abstract difference between the Shady Bend incident and others that have occurred all too frequently in various parts of the country to mar our record as law-abiding people.

It is useless, and would be hypocritical, to point the finger of scorn at Kansas on account of the unusual notoriety that she has received from this occurrence. Unhappily, there is no section of the United States where outrages essentially similar have not been perpetrated, and it is to the lasting credit of the Kansas officials that prompt and vigorous measures were adopted to bring the offenders to justice in the present instance.

It seems to me, however, that until

the American people have become educated to such a deep and abiding respect for law and order as to make such outrages as this impossible of frequent occurrence, our claim to be considered an enlightened and civilized nation will rest on an insecure foundation.

**THE NEW CARNEGIE FUND.**

Americans are not becoming oblivious to the benefactions of the many who in the past decades have been spreading benefaction upon the land in liberal ways, says the Baltimore American. But the experience of such generosity has tended to make fresh gifts seem rather a matter of course without in any measure diminishing the appreciation of the benefited public. So that Mr. Carnegie's latest fund of \$25,000,000, which he has created for the purpose of carrying on the forms of his benefaction after his decease, is accepted by the public as yet another demonstration of the motto that the liberal man devotes liberal things.

The work that Mr. Carnegie has been doing as an individual will be carried on through the income from this \$25,000,000 after he has passed out of life. More than \$200,000,000 already to the credit of the beneficent impulses of the ironmaster is an illustration of wealth accumulation and dispensing that vastly eclipses the reputed wealth of Midas.

Mr. Carnegie has surpassed his only efficient rival in the field of benefaction by fifty millions of bequest. Thus he stands as the premier giver of the world, and, in fact, of all time. Yet one would be rash to assume that the end of that liberality has yet been reached.

This country—and, indeed, other lands as well—will hold Mr. Carnegie in perpetual regard, and his name and fame will be co-extensive with the forms of benefaction that he has assured perpetuation. Nothing is more creditable in modern life than this spirit to insure wealth than beneficial disbursement.

**WATCH THE BUREAU.**

Evidences multiply that the "legal bureau" established by the Democratic central committee is nothing more nor less than a bludgeon to be held over the heads of timid officials in the hope that they may be frightened into conniving at the theft by the Democrats of several state offices to which the recent election was so close that the result is yet uncertain.

The most glaring and iniquitous frauds perpetrated in the election took place in the very county where the Democratic committee met to appoint its "legal bureau," and the chairman of that imposing bureau was one of the principal beneficiaries of those frauds. These outrages were so flagrant and brazen as to be a matter of common knowledge among the people of the community, and no intelligent man conversant with the situation could be ignorant of their existence.

The Bermallie county frauds, however, have claimed no particle of attention from the "legal bureau." Instead, their mighty intellects are being concentrated upon passing out a huge volume of words in regard to "congressional investigations," "legislative inquiries," and similar ominous events which are to take place in the event that all the Democratic nominees are not given certificates of election.

It behoves all honest men to keep a very close watch upon the "legal bureau" and its \$10,000 for the next few weeks.

If things continue much longer as they are going now, the doves of peace won't have enough feathers left to hide his nakedness.

No, kind friends, the "legal bureau" was not authorized to investigate the Democratic primaries in eastern New Mexico.

Another victory for the cause! New York's corporation counsel has announced that ladies may smoke in public as often as they desire—please, so long as they don't start a riot in doing it.

The New York woman who claims that 2,000 words constitute too limited a feminine vocabulary fails to take into consideration what can be accomplished with all 3,000 of them turned loose at once.

An exhaustive search of all the recognized authorities on municipal improvement fails to disclose any reason to believe that Albuquerque would be hurt by having the streets paved at once.

If the ability to remember the text of the last Sunday's sermon is to be made a qualification for service on the McNamara jury, we don't see how they can expect to complete the panel in Los Angeles.

The next step in the onward progress of advanced women should be to obtain an adjudication of the legal right of a perfect lady to chew tobacco in public.

Champ Clark would do well to get the nation an example of the economy that he preaches by being a live

or less extravagant with his words.

If Mexico does insist on making it a three-ring war circus, where are the newspapers going to get enough correspondents to go around?

You simply have to hand it to the contributing editor for knowing more different ways of calling a man a liar than anybody else in the country.

The fine Italian fist of William Jennings Bryan is plainly discernible in the bill of Representative Henry to put all trust magnates in jail.

It is doubtful if any well-informed American was misled into thinking that the Colonel could be misled by any means.

We can't for the life of us understand what's the matter with El Paso that Asylator Fowler don't seem to be able to get away from there.

Having filled the jury box in the McNamara case, the lawyers will now proceed to empty it by peremptory challenges and start all over again.

De. Hyde's attorneys are making a mighty effort, but they can't go slow enough to divert attention from the McNamara case.

That Shady Bend school teacher will at least have the satisfaction of having the last word.

**FIDDLE FOR CROWN IN ARKANSAS**

**Amateur Players of Violin, Who Do Not Read Music, Hold Great Conclave at Rogers, Arkansas.**

Rogers, Ark., Nov. 16.—Fiddling for a crown may be a new stunt, but at any rate, the tunes which were fiddled last week at Rogers were old enough to satisfy even those who protested against the newness of the crown.

On an improvised platform built on the great lava Arkansas fiddlers by the score fiddled before a great crowd, for the title "King Fiddler of Arkansas." The boys from "up the creek" and "down the creek" and a few of the girls—all prepared to fiddle, and fiddle they did.

Forgetting the audience of fashionable visitors that surrounded them, the manipulators of the bow tucked their fiddles under their chins and "rosined up." Old Uncle Ned," the immortal "Arkansas Traveler," "Mooneymuk," and Turkey in the Straw" were roared off in the rollicking manner of the native fiddler, setting the feet of the auditors a-dancing in unison.

It was nearly 8 o'clock when the performers took their places on the platform. W. H. Harvey, the sage of Monte Ne, soon put the musicians at their ease in his splendid tribute to the music of the fiddler. E. B. Guthrey of Sulphur Springs, was in charge as master of ceremonies.

At 8 o'clock Coin Harvey explained that the contest was between Ozark mountain fiddlers, who play "by ear" and do not make their living by playing the fiddle. This barred the professional, he said, and the man who played by note. He named the judges, who were George Wyvill of Claremore, Okla.; Clarence Turner of Muskogee, Okla.; J. N. Connell of Carthage, Mo., and Charles P. Clouston of St. Louis.

Mr. Harvey announced that when the judges had selected the best fiddler he would be "crowned" king of fiddlers of the Ozarks for one year when he would be expected to defend his title against all comers. He closed by introducing E. H. Guthrey as master of ceremonies. Mr. Guthrey's speech was on fiddlers and fiddling, and was replete with humor and sentiment. A concert preceding the fiddler's contest was participated in by string bands and family orchestras, with comedy and sentimental songs.

The sensation of the evening was an interruption by Sue Allen, a tall, angular country woman, chewing snuff, who insisted on some one dancing. Bended in her going on the stage. Then all the musicians, including the 45 fiddlers, playing "Turkey in the Straw," she danced to the cheers and shouts of the multitude.

It was 9:30 o'clock before the fiddlers' contest began, and continued until past midnight. The larger part of the audience were in motor cars that surrounded the stand.

**DREAM CLEW TO LOST GIRL.**

**Iowa Parents Seek Their Daughter Among White Slaves.**

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 16.—Believing their 15-year-old daughter Besdie to have been a victim of white slaves, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Perry of Cresco, Ia., are seeking her here. The girl has not been seen since Oct. 19, when she disappeared from her home. The belief of the parents that she was in Minneapolis is caused by a dream which she told her playmates shortly before she disappeared, that she had been kidnapped and brought here. No trace of her has been found here, however.

Her parents have offered a reward of \$100 for information of her whereabouts.

**MRS. JENKINS TO GO FREE.**

**Government Will Not Prosecute Woman in Jewel Smuggling Case.**

New York, Nov. 16.—The customs fraud case involving the jewels of Mrs. Helen Gwelle Jenkins will stop with the prosecution of Nathan Allen of Kenosha, Wis., and his friend, John R. Collins, the Memphis coal operator. United States District Attorney Wiley said today that the government had been unable to fasten a smuggling charge on a Wall street banker suspected of being involved with Allen and Collins, who are under indictment.

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made a qualification for service on the McNamara jury, we don't see how they can expect to complete the panel in Los Angeles.

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**ROBBERS SENT BACK SERMON.**

**A Preacher's Pockbook, However, Was Not Returned to Him.**

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Nov. 17.—A sermon entitled "Prepare to Meet Thy God," which was taken from the pocket of the Rev. M. E. Williams, a Methodist minister of Athens, Pa., when he was in this city, by pickpockets, also a large wallet, was returned to him.

For the best saddle horses in the

country call on Oving—Judge.

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the nation an example of the economy that he preaches by being a live

or less extravagant with his words.

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